



2nd Edition

Sachiko Tamaki



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*This is the fictional story, the associated people, locations, cultural specifications with goods, automobiles etc and historical events have no relation to the factual people, places as well as events, such specifications and so on.

The story involves shocking obscene descriptions.

However, for the purpose to create fictional reality within the setting of ‘!?', those are not expurgated.

The weapons, especially firearms that are written in this novel require official licenses and permissions in order to possess them.

Foreword

There is no guilty for me to deal with the versatile lives as long as novels are to enjoy and contemplate the labyrinth of soul, mind and society, indeed it was lavish recreation, even sybaritic contentment for the second edition of '!?', the people of this story, their risk assessments would be actually hurly-burly, hunky-dory... Death? Devastation? Failure? What are they? Despite of the intricate sensitivity, allotted expertise, such picturesque melancholy!

A question is anyhow, topos of the World Wars, as there have ever been a glut of opportunities for me to research about the historical battles, almost the accumulations of injustice, at last having been exploded by each of their own way, in this view, the affairs of '!?' utterly for the pursuit of happiness and pursuit of justice both for whom could fortunately work for the law enforcement during the postwar era and for whom in jail. Needless to say, my favor of Philbert, for wholesome civilization, life of entire being, though methodically Grover has been much inherited to this 21st century perhaps.
(‘Let’s flap what you are to show!’ I am seriously joking.)

For this second edition, some vocabularies and grammar were altered, several lines were deleted as well as added nonetheless the revelations of top secrets of '!?' can be most attractive. Yes, the attractive top secret had already been disclosed on the first edition, “The Civil Engineering & General Relativity.” Cheap and toylike, would you laugh? If so, I will stop it by the ditzy enigma. The trains are passed each other moreover the wayfarers, the one is from where you are to reach and you are from where the one is to reach.

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The People Of The Story

Mr. X: He is in his 50's, reputable for his achievement during the WWII. He has many information networks that are accessed to the top secret.

Mrs. X: She is in her 40's, the assistant of Mr. X.

Grover: He is in his 50's, the former military commander, the superintendent of the capital.

Philbert: He is in his 40's, the chief inspector.

The Social Reformer: He is in his 50's, fedora and 45 caliber handgun in his holster.

Mr. W the Reformer: He is in his 40's, the major supremo over the territories, fedora, cigar and 45 caliber handgun in his holster.

Pop: 18 years old, Mr. W's bodyguard, his brilliant marksmanship with two revolvers.

Iron Flying: Mr. W's bodyguard, Pop's partner.

Stooge: Mr. W's bodyguard, a psychopath.

Howard: He is in his 30's, the former military air force.

Birton: The former military air force, Howard's buddy.

Gilbert: The journalist.

Melvin: The former athlete, he works as the freelance mechanic.

Wyatt: The emergency bridge builder.

Ridley: A private lawyer, mathematics and financial genius.

Irene: Ridley's wife.

Madam Becky: She is in her 40's, the owner of prostitution clubs.

Eileen: She is in her 40's, a party organizer, philanthropist.

Julia: 20 years old, a call girl.

Mr. Coast: He appears everywhere, soon becomes familiar with kinds of society.

Mr. T: He is rumored as the former spy.

Sheridan: The Rookie's brother.

The Rookie: Sheridan's younger brother, his downward eyebrows...

Desmond: The excellent safecracker.

Edger: The bomb expert.

Mr. Y: The ward heeler for quick vote getting.

Terence: A plastic surgeon.

Trevor: The representative of the Rifle Association.

Miss. Pop the Baby: Pop's girlfriend.

Miss. Pop the Baby's father: A horse breeder.

(Not all are introduced.)



Fob Watch 20.20, GMT 18.40: Winter To Spring

‘The shards of bullets, these were picked up with the tweezers by the investigators whose fastidious nerves, but Grover who justly arrived there deemed it as a total fluke.’ Mr. W the Reformer continued his prattle on the phone, ‘There was no body discovered at all, which meant that the slugs had exactly met in the air, and Grover asked me, “Do somebodies of yours know the thing that was the thrifty warning shots though?” Of course I don’t know, but it is rather good to be heard.’

‘Was it in your place?’ By Howard whom smoothed his pompadour to retrieve the pencil under the desk, the swivel chair was spun, the receiver was pecked between his jaw and neck, it stymied him to save a bric-a-brac as it belonged to his hotel room.

‘No, Grover hasn’t yet revealed to me, stingy knave is he as long as I am not of his folks.’ Mr. W.

‘I suppose so.’

When Howard fastened his suitcase, the street came into view through the window, the owner of grocery store under the awning, he had already familiar with him during his stay, those hours remained unspoiled.

If Mr. W puffed a cigar at the other end, his bad skew in a mood, 'Are you going to get out from there?'

'Yes, by the noon.'

'Not the time.'

'It's been the time, please.'

Mr. W mumbled something in his naughty obfuscation to arouse a timid quandary, yet anyway, 'You come to my office where I am.' No matter that would be all.

The pane of automated entrance of the accustomed foyer reflected Howard's stout shoulders, not for his stuffy pads of jacket, but he got brawny weight those days, his reminiscence didn't confess sentimental farewell on grain asphalt, innumerable locations where the one would spend, while his suitcase growled on the pebbly path to the train station, not to break into inconvenience, subsequently the rusty whiff on his fingers when the coins were slipped into the slot of ticket machine on the platform, the rattle of train...

A motionless atmosphere in the carriage, there was the newspaper above his seat, which was neatly aligned with the bar of rack, broadsheet or tabloid, daubs of ink as it were Stooze's caging in hospital, since he had been temporally kept under psychiatric care out of his job as Mr. W's bodyguard, a bundle of nappies, a bunch of lilies and unfolded gossips, when Howard had visited the twenty five years old boy whom had told him, "Is there any confectionary with you? How are his posses? They are the rascal lads, I have to take care of them, I need to go out from here."

"All right, jumbo, you will be, don't worry!" It had been invariable so far.

Stooge had been initially diagnosed after his essay for elementary school, “There is no horrible creature except human as we easily kill others whom are of their ilk, they wouldn’t be the effective apparition to trigger fear. In my infancy, my family called them as the enemy, but as soon as the war ended, we have loved each other as if nothing has ever happened.

“What was that?” I had a discussion with my friend whose father had arduously dropped the bombs on our roofs, consequently we reached the point about the mockery of justice and moral nevertheless my friend was still bespattering saliva during our lunch thus I had to finish it, saying, “They are only the dopey inferiors.””

“That is your soul, boy, how can I do for you?”

Mr. W had offered the invalid an employment with the abundant bills.

“How can I use these papers?” Stooge.

Needless to say, it had induced the supremo’s further tears for whom had suffered lethargy on the bed...

“Sir, I would like military uniforms in all kinds, I will wear them for you.”

Since then, the boy stood in front of the backdoor for the soiree as a bouncer so that the guests would compromisingly select the main entrance because they recognized about Stooge’s weapon, his obsessive blood phobia, if the ones were killed by him, it was no one’s business, his self-defense was impossible to dispute, the court would inquire the victims, ‘What brought you to the back door, breaking through the inferior, gigantic child alike in his uniform without a gun?’

Howard examined the newspaper, the headline about the dormant war, the perpetual nations well-nigh chronic fatigue, in truth not the place, but the difference of the way, it would be that they would be obliged to continue until it would become not the war, again and again, then again, who would be our enemy... Enough!

He turned the page to see the advertisement if the washing machine was someday available without the iron board for his silk shirts.

Squeaky beep, screech, screech, clunk, clunk... The train was stopped, it was his destination, the immaculate scenery but a smudge of routine, highway and skyscraper were distant where Mr. W's office was thereafter a skid of BMW, the gracious engine crooned a bit, it reminded him about the supremo on the phone, "Don't be hooked by Grover's bray!" Yes, thanks, as there was the lengthy limousine within the affectionate proximity, utterly suave.

'Is that a tug?'

'No, just our accessory, sir.'

As the chauffeur responded, the encroacher curved the immediate corner away from them.

The layers of pie were deftly penetrated into Mr. W's stomach whereas the dim chandelier was somewhat clumsy over the residual whip cream, glittered the silver foil.

'Why did you hang up my phone? It was just for your patience to have our time and we could make our time, we should do so henceforth, the creation of our time.'

'Yes...' By Howard whose articulation of episode, sheer de rigueur for several occasions, slowly in dulcet nonetheless the supremo's ameliorated temper was not by him, for his sufficed gastronomy, Montecristo was twitched among his lips as a foible, since the one always yearned to get rid of unease with his beak as the narwhal's horn, Howard escaped into his memory.

Birton and Howard had ever been the air force for the Cold War, Birton had bleated about a peccadillo in his childhood, as a matter of fact, he wouldn't have been nicked, if it had been during the blitz, such as a bottle of soda, the screws had been exchangeable with food products, the guttersnipes had filled the narrow streets, but ironically for the virtue of postwar peace, Birton had been confined in jail, lost his job as a newsboy, "I wanted nothing though, I lost my days, the trivial liberty as well as a bar of chocolate, it was given to me only after the charity volunteer's visit, a piece of creasy wrap, redolence of the corner store, a whiff of economy which I had ever taken part in, it was as the black tarmac... Of course I promised the warden that I wouldn't run away, asked him, "Can I retrieve my undershorts as these have got over the wall?"

By whom with the downward eyebrows, his intermittent blinks, merely

adolescence as me, it was inconsistent with his job, he set the ladder on the wall, momentarily his eyes gleamed, oh mercy!”

“Was it your acquittal?” Howard.

“No search, no contact since then, the reward by the Sing In The Cell! Presumably the warden was the Sing In The Cell whom had ever passed me the ballpoint pen for me to ding the fence when something had been needed, for example, a cotton bud. no proviso.”

No proviso! Birton had nudged the cheeks of his ladies whom had been mesmerized into his revelation, no proviso, no proviso, it had lingered in Howard’s brain, at last he had dreamt about the narwhal.

Atypical animal, the piscine pachyderm had been having a nap in the bathtub which the lukewarm water had filled the half, its horn had been on the mixer tap because of the unduly length.

“What’s this?”

“Since I caressed it, I had to buy it that is a narwhal, when I held him, he was consoled to close his eyes, very obvious creature.” By her whom had been Howard’s unknown partner.

“Was it expensive?”

“Not at all.”

“Oh, well.”

‘You know, what I meant?’ Mr. W.

‘Yes, certainly.’

Howard managed to respond, in due course thuds of shopping bags with logos as these were stacked on the table, a fob watch from the gift box, it was unfathomable harmony between the lustrous silver, hands of the device as a couple of narwhals’ horns and the fury carpet in midnight blue that convinced him about what was stipulated.

The gadgets would be distributed to the guests during the upcoming party, it would be organized by Eileen whom was a tender philanthropist for orphans.

‘The thing is fair with the watch, hunky-dory affair, no glitch.’

The narwhal would come into effect, engraving each hour that had been elapsed since his friends had skillfully chuckled away the haunting nightmare, never be baffled, plunged into an eternal muddle, they had ever learnt the way under shelter during the previous war, not to be chopped up by the pelting bombs.

In their boyhood, Birton had been with Gilbert for the printing factory as a newsboy, they had delivered the bundles of papers over the city after the cumbersome machine had finished the waggling labor, yet on that day, the ambassadors (At least having been told likewise...) from abroad had introduced themselves, doffed their fedoras, Mr. W and the Social Reformer who had said, “How do you do, my kids? This fellow is the pure gambler, for him, a bet is the cheese for Claret.”

The cacophonous applause by the children sincerely beyond everything, seeking for panacea to live... Birton had gazed at the leather holsters

that had been firmly attached to the ambassadors' fine trousers, had he whispered, "Those may be 45 calibers."

Above all the children had been invited to the banquet, eggs and roasted chickens, sandwiches had had mayonnaise or Mornay, the guys or boys had still sustained themselves at night, away from their beds hence they had been taken to the casino where the sparkling neons, jazzy swing and jig, the ladies' husky soprano with the fizzy drinks and strawberry milks on the trays, their sleeveless dress in silver, ribbon around the neck, the corpulent belt had emphasized the ample bust, "Hello, darlings, you get good cards, lovely faros for tonight!" The Social Reformer had spread the bundles over the table out of his wallet, picked up one of them, rolled it as a cinch, tutored the guys, "Do not expect so much reward as Pharaoh is quite frugal, have your insight to recognize the potency of tripartite cards that are firstly presumed by the pair whose gyrating waltz, when the third partner takes part in it, the whole value is determined, for example, the knave is the rich winner, so does the ace, let's begin like this. The ten for the ace to win, ten for the two to defeat and jack surely gets a triumph!" His chant had been continued despite of his intermittent goofs for the calling turns, since he had exactly kept the equal amount on his side, it would be that sorely the Sun in the next morning could stop the game, but then, "Does the fourth partner change the entire value?" The boy from the book-binding factory had questioned the Social Reformer whom had shown him the three bills which had been held with the two fingers over the middle knuckle as a kind of butterfly, namely a red admiral, had he said, "This trio is from the variant countries, where is each authority, right or left or at the center? Although they have

established such a paradise, can they change the orbital law of universe?”

Since then, the juvenile souls had been awoken, but realistically they had hardly obtained the cards ergo there had been the elaborate invention as the panel game by the book-binding boy, renowned inquisitor, Ridley, “It is the tint of our mind, the art of spectrum. The Three howls! Bingo or Checkmate?”

The pigmented panels had been aligned on the gridded board, red-blue-red, either in horizontal or vertical as a result it had become red-red-red... The kids had ventured to learn the matrix of life.

Birton had given up the job after his arrest whilst Gilbert had succeeded to be the journalist whose fellow had wretchedly spent the desolate afternoon until the day when the hefty man in a navy-blue suit with the thick envelope from the Social Reformer had accompanied him to the office of betting shop, Birton would acquire a knowledge of investment in casinos. On his return, he had walked through the sunset city where the people had been also on their ways to homes along the street with bootblacks, the buildings had cast back the glistening final light, he had rung the doorbell to call Howard.

For the time being, Birton and Howard had been clad in the tailored plumage under the moonlit, the high street had been the everlasting crest of reverie before the gamblers’ houses that had belonged to them, the lubricated slot machines had been sat by the shoe boys, the ladies with the towering hairs for the towering chips, cocktail blue moon and Ridley’s blue eyes, he had already hung out his own shingle as a solicitor especially for the landowners and labor unions, his life had ever been

devoted to establish the theorem of probability and prosperity, why two after one?

Pepper was sizzled over a glass of vermouth, slice of salami was mottled with ample lard alongside olives, Gilbert pecked at a swizzle stick, glanced the hall while Howard was the appointed host of the party.

He hadn't been with Howard during the Cold War as the noncombatant surgeon that had been effective on his retirement to be the column editor for the newspaper, the articles about international security and defense as well as health and medicine.

He perched on the two-seater with Terence whose dexterous mastery of plastic surgery was eminent, their postures in picturesque equilibrium, crossing the legs, supporting the jaws by the palms, elbows on the knees, sheer difference was that Terence had ever been as the combatant whereas Gilbert loved demi-sec, no compatibility of this contrasting detail as it were the latter was renowned for the exclusives on the verge of the Official Secret Act as though his intermingled feet was straightened to resolve the classified enigma, for instance, what was the dazzling lizard?

Yes, it was a tiepin, signified the congruity between humor and formality, the owner of the reptile was Wyatt whom had ever battled as the air force, then Birton and Melvin whose recent play as a goalkeeper of football.

'Real protector of the team, Melvin rocketed off, five to nil, he clutched victory! Am I right?' Birton.

However, the one was depressed, confessed the defeat as the law of trajectory had betrayed him, the diagonal rule had been quashed when the intruder had seized the shooter's globe, made the crosswise antithesis to where Melvin had fortified.

‘I will work for my second job.’ The mechanic muttered as if he was utterly bored, but was delighted with the champagne for his taste.

Meanwhile the fob watches were held by the guests, it would be that every affair would be hunky-dory, including Stooze’s shriek and growl outside, Gilbert and Terence grabbed styptics, Julia who was the premier call girl of Madam Becky’s brothel swiftly evacuated to Trevor as his maniacal sauciness enough seduced her.

Concurrently ‘Excuse me.’ By Mr. T whom was enticed by the superfluous secrecy, obtained his seat next to Mr. Y with the sunglasses, the shades intensified the lure of this immigrant for the remnant of briny aroma on the jetty as a dockworker, a treasure trove of information beyond sea to be eventually the doyen of ward heelers, relentlessly under the menace of assassination... Needless to say, his overcoat was searched by the cloak boy whose downward eyebrows, these wouldn’t be for mercy why he was worried about his discovery from the pocket, the haggard business card furthermore his hectic task to serve pudding from then on, would he be concerned again, no, he could return to the reception counter on the way to the cloakroom.

Coast appeared, his impish handsome face was unruffled, wiped off the peg that was imparted quality, what had happened to him in front of the back door, the ignorant bouncer to whom had tried to find the main entrance, the hulking barrier, it would be merely the solid stuff thus he had made a tender rustle on Stooze to be reacted.

The delayed guest slinked to Howard, proclaimed his identity, he was the relative of the one of Mr. X’s squadrons of yore. Oh, Mr. X!? The greatest luminary of their own world, the Social Reformer’s trade partner,

firearms, finance etc... Therefore he would receive the watch, but ‘No, I need not it.’

It was an entire hush when Howard began a lesson about a piece of manual for the watch.

“(h+x, m-l0x) = {(h+x), (m/lx)} x = Month.”

‘Eloquent simplicity! Our mathematic genius cooked it up for us. Your fob watch will run with this formula, h is hour, m is minute, how Greenwich Mean Time can be manipulated, let’s have our own time, you willy-nilly have an idea when you ought to adjust it wherever you are, it is the witch’s watch!’

Explosive cheers for the pioneer of algebra, Ridley with his wife, Irene, their sensational betrothal had been famed for her impulsive withdrawal from the top university to be the reputable cabaret girl, since he had been her onerous client every night.

‘Hooray! Pundit of funds for fun!’ Mr. Y interrupted.

While the representative of the Rifle Association whose tie was neaten by Julia, straddled before the microphone, ‘Thank you for all, whenever you require me, let me have drinks, I will be for you, the license is easy to be sold. The Employment Pursuant To The Article is The Enjoyment Pursuant For The Act!’

Afterward Howard, Birton, Gilbert, Melvin, Wyatt and Coast huddled up together with Trevor in the confined vestibule, a glut of Walthers was unveiled, serendipitous silence throughly the premises, no matter the representative woofed, ‘These are precisely a gift gun, no trigger as possible, but you may be a bit showy.’

Do not worry, my darling, why the quietude that had been transpired

autonomously when Julia had snuggled on Mr. T whilst Terence had been trapped by the conventional affinity with Ridley and Irene.

No sooner than Trevor came back to the hall, he was to find Julia was missing, spasmodically slammed the door to open, being bounced back anon as there was Stooze's forehead, slightly grazed, a meager trickle though... Vehement paroxysm.

The cloak boy called the police, nobody had already been there within a few minutes, he was left alone, "Negligible!" The file was stamped.

It was the versatile sphere of lives, snow fell, Mr. T and Julia got down from the cab, he caught the wafts of flurry ice from the pale sky, 'Soundless weather.'

In hotel room, Julia cleansed his suede jacket with a towel as there were the remnant droplets, 'A whiff of buffaloes, they are with us, but what's this bumpy contour?'

'The buffaloes have got the nascent horns.'

'Oh, I see.'

Mr. T slanted a glass of Collins, he was toying with the bubbly circumference, 'Parabola... Hyperbole... Are these same in your nation?'

'These are circles.' She untied her gown.

Crispy sharp clicks of guns, extortion required no word, the hammers were snapped by the three security guards whom changed the destiny of the plane, unified rhythm and tempo, the dictates of actions were perfectly followed by them.

The twenty passengers forsook the sample boxes that contained the blood bags except Gilbert in his white gown, he was collecting the specimen, droppers and tubes were meticulously handled, yet he was barely flustered by the random allocation of numerical labels moreover some of them were empty nevertheless it was progressed by the female officer whom supervised the affair as a hostage so far, she advanced to the cockpit, her serene demeanor in her middle age, the bundles from the briefcase, dealt with the pilots, the helm was immediately granted her, the swerving dynamism of aviation was verily amazing when she gripped the joystick, clouds were the subservient onlookers until the altitude was reduced to the point, the parachutes were floated in the atmosphere, the paratroops were consisted of Howard, Gilbert and Coast, the gravitational force was utter felicitous onto where was under the jackboot of Grover's squad.

In the mean time, the three associates for the offshore division would perform remarkable quest though, it was the severe task to go through the freezing temperature, their hefty jackets worsened the inveterate sluggishness besides the mainland where would be a goal was observable, a swathe of flame in amber, so to speak, at the zenith of insurgence, the security enforcement was issued for the petroleum pipe bombing in the adjacent area that was rather advantageous as all flatfoots would be for the maelstrom.

The four-door-saloon was in bushes, if it had been delivered not so long ago, the feline bonnet was clear, the engine wouldn't be frosted, after the binocular was settled back, they crept to the vehicle, opened the trunk, the cardboard boxes occupied the narrow space.

'Those are the bootlegs, let them be alone.' Wyatt.

'That's done it!' Birton indicated the abandoned hand gloves with a smear.

'We don't touch them, and let's survive thirty one miles over solid sea.' By Melvin whom sat on the driver's seat.

'One hundred kilometers per hour, this speed will work well on the field that we can't afford to experience any risk.' Wyatt gripped the emergency brake.

Whether it was the onset of dinosaurs' fate, the loony weather actually transformed the ocean into the ice rink. Her malleable vertebra was ready, the wild cat gushed for her prey, smoke and explosion, the climax of tumult, ironically to usher her as a signal, albeit Melvin exposed the paroxysmal jiggle and skew at first, he was accustomed to the raving feline by clutch and spurt prior to the disturbing force that would veer off course till the extremity of awful fatigue, skimpy nerves, snarky engine, their tenacity would be expired thereafter the snow was brought to an end, the Sun appeared to shine over, the hostile sensation was a crack beneath...

Were they hallucinated as though it was the moon landing, the helmsman bet on the final burst by the flattened pedal, the swamp caught the claws, unbeatable solitude despite of the vehement bangs within earshot, which muffled squelches of the wellingtons, the phalanx

in uniform knocked the side-window, the motor was turned off, the key was wriggled.

‘I am sorry.’ The handcuffs were flapped.

‘We are sleepy...’ Melvin.

“Medical Airplane Hijack. Principal Is The Journalist Of Medicine?
Biological Weapon Much Than Nuke?”

The three suspects were provoked by the malicious gossip about the illness that has been unofficially researched.

The classified information was apparently distributed to his accomplices by the principal whom is the professional journalist with the pertinent articles”

Grover was folding his spectacles, he had arrived at Mr. W’s territory just recently after he had finished his control over the international security squad due to the petroleum pipe bombing in where his eminent carrier during the World War II was admittedly resonant as the military ambassador to have settled the colony with the abound oil rigs, he had concluded the peace talk.

The paper was also on the desk of Mr. W’s living room in his head office, Grover quaffed a glass of waters before the supremo whose anticipation when the one’s snappy bargain would begin as if a bebop on the old radio to whomever, VIPs, big fish of big business and so forth, he had ever snatched the blizzards of divulgences of whom had been interrogated dawn to dawn.

‘You have got all of mine for a day.’ At last Mr. W launched the deal to be the real nitty-gritty on the plea of Gilbert’s acquittal.

‘Twenty!’ Grover.

‘Twenty-five.’

‘Twenty.’

‘No, twenty five, you should be much cautious for social welfare.’

Grover shrugged his shoulders, persisted in the publicized result that the existent twenty blood bags had shown 00, negative in binary, if it had been positively contaminated, it would have been 01.

‘By whom?’

‘Mr. X.’

‘Exactly?’

‘Would you expropriate the gentleman’s soul?’

‘No concern at all, she vanished while we thought that she would be the harassed security guard.’

‘That’s my comfort, but my discomfort is as I don’t know you whom are for the laws... Hundreds of slip-ups, hushed bills, I always ask them, whose command are you working for? How can you prove yourself?’

‘Me, I guess. Oh, is he yours? Good for Dom Perignon.’

Mr. W’s bodyguard came to the room to serve the bottle and nibble.

‘Because they are the people of jazz.’

‘Salty.’

‘No, you haven’t yet pursued the intricate stimuli of beluga’s eggs, paradise on the palate.’

‘No, I haven’t, and we will be for your palate not to be shredded off, Gilbert will be out, it won’t take so long.’

‘You will be ensconced with this bottle before the bed, take it away with you, chum!’

Coast's bumbag had been bulged out during the escapade, 'It was by the force of pressure, gravity, you know?'

He shared the cell with Sheridan whom had been imprisoned due to the illegal possession of a firearm as well as under the suspicion of failed assassination of the henchman, "My permit was stolen on a journey, you know?"

None would dismiss the noticeable resemblance of the two inmates, a blink of their behaviors, tone of voices, paltry features...

Every morning, Coast stood before the mirror for shaving in jail, would he denounce his calamitous memory of the previous war, he had been brought up in the sumptuous old manor that had been burnt to be ashes by the blitz, his mother had dragged him out under debris, he had been admitted to the specialized military hospital for his father's privilege, consequently after the surgical operation, his face had been covered with bandages.

'Have you ever been to the war?' Sheridan in the lunchroom.

'Only for a few months as the air force.' Coast responded.

Peculiar silence was ensued instead of chitchat as his companion turned his neck to the stingy window, gazed at him whom was equally to realize the intermingled wires in the yard, the vipers' alert, "Do not be fiendish, it gets you nowhere!"

In fact they had been to sit near the cables as other prisoners had occupied the tables.

'We are fighting to accomplish the global peace, so called internationalization, it would be the difference from the previous wars,

utopia, would you believe? Capital punishment has been reduced and the Official Secret Act, nowadays nobody gets done for it that used to be forty years, so scare.’ Sheridan.

‘Are you talking to the commoner as I am ?’ by Coast.

‘No, sorry, no, but the delinquent camaraderie among the countries, why not taking advantage of it? For our better new days.’

‘Scribbles are really cheap, everybody can draw them underground nevertheless when they appear on the ground, it is valued as the plush painting, it’s like a ready meal that we are eating now.’

‘Are they bought?’

‘Yes, it depends on how they evaluate the motivation for the price.’

Within a few days since then, to what extent Coast was joyful, perhaps Mr. W’s courtesy visit, his corpulent cephalopod lips, recessing hair, honestly no time to be bemused when the chief inspector, Philbert, ‘I need what you know by the time you get on the black Ford at the gate, you were haggled over.’

The art of absolution, simple and lawful, merely by the avowal, “I need not to accompany taboos of the world, he belongs to me.” By Mr. X.

“Top Athlete Outlandish Escape. Swing On Ice! Black Market Trade?

According to the official report, the trunk of his Jaguar contained the five cardboard boxes with higher education texts, obscene magazines, vinyl records. The two male accomplices were supposed to be the members of the international bootleggers, but it has been announced that there would be no liaison between the three and the proprietors nor the recent highjack of medical airplane.”

The leaves were flicked through.

“Blood Bags For Medical Research?

The weird circumstances of the court that the witnesses of the highjack exposed their vague memories, the medical examination took place, the results were submitted to the legal authority as Alzheimer’s disease.”

“People’s Bulletin: It is absolutely impossible to commit such a crime, unless all passengers are involved. We, the public are in a fatal quagmire, we are the fish in the vivarium, uncontaminated justice is required.”

Grover left the paper on the rack after Philbert phoned him to be informed that a few witnesses were missing under the suspected abduction.

“Melvin’s Aberration. Binge Drink. Gala With Rogues!

...However, the investigators denied the recent gossip that his boot would be for the firearms.”

“Twenty or Twenty Five?”

‘S* *t! It’s been pissed!’ Mr. W threw the rag though, anyway Melvin, Wyatt and Birton would be bailed on the next day by his handouts.

A judiciary session for Gilbert was quixotically flippant, one of the juries, who had a nap was sacked, so did he, yet he was never sacked, tenaciously yearned for his release by the embracery, therefore, therefore....

Therefore it was as an alarm clock, wailing through the court, the entrance was slammed to invite the woman in her middle age, weary trousers, disheveled hair with the child whom would understand nothing, if not, he would understand everything, she was waving the red handkerchief, 'Damn, damn! How much is it? How much is it!'

They were barred by the security, later on there was the scoop that it had been caused by the defender's acquaintance, as a matter of fact their male had ever been treated by Gilbert in the war field.

"Negligible!" The file was inscribed until the investigators lost the contact with them.

Indeed a lot of people didn't degrade the handkerchief, "The Red Fabric Waving" became the mysterious trend with the catchy phrase, "The Red Fabric Waving, the narwhal's antenna barbecued the red fabric!"

The luminaries would exert an elaborate tour de force for the affair, the glorious phone debate between Mr. X and the Social Reformer, the newsboys would tackle with it, anyhow all articles wouldn't be delivered in the absence of nodal juncture, the printing office, it was there because the Social Reformer had made enormous investment, hopefully this modus operandi could appease the global economy.

On the next day, the milk boys ran on bicycles as usual, but the newsboys were busy, it was shiveringly cold in the earlier morning while the coal

fire was burnt at home where a daddy was to unfurl the newspaper that the fabulists had been overwhelmed with it.

“The Red Fabric Waving, Female Philanthropist? Her Association With The Owner Of VIP Brothels.”

Eileen and Madam Becky exhibited the superb confraternity, mutual empathy... Brilliant! The volley of flashes from the cameras, Eileen was under the wide brim of trilby to hide her face whereas Becky was buried under the microphones.

‘Madam, are your pimps for the medical tubes?’

‘How much are the sperms of the owners whom can go your sumptuous places? Blood and sperm for the future children to be much happier?’

‘Madam, Madam, are you in love with Mr. Edger whom was witnessed in the petroleum bombing area?’

At the peak of the red fabric frenzy, for instance, the design of T-shirts, strawberry flavored snacks, labels on the wine bottles, in truth the night was not the decadent discordance with the articulated lorry before the gate of prison where Gilbert and Howard were detained. The baseball capped driver, Wyatt gabbled to the guard, 'I've got a hitch for today.'

'What is inside?'

'Things for their works, I can't open the trailer, it has to be checked by the wardens whom I know, as I don't know you, if something happens to them, I can't say that I did it at the gate, I know the wardens as I regularly visit here, we have ever got the drinks in the pub, martini and a pint of beer, I tried martini there, your earnings are good as you do this work at midnight, don't you go to the pub?'

'Yes, I go.'

'Thanks mate, for your work to let me go through!'

The portal was rattled for Wyatt whose sobriquet, the emergency bridge builder, he had ever taken part in the construction project during the postwar urbanization, the acknowledged route everywhere, but difficulty was that there was only one passage to reach this prison among the dumb context thus distinctive logistics was prerequisite. No sooner than the vehicle was pulled up, Desmond, Iron Flying and Pop were popped out from the towed cart, the safecracking would be bet on the forerunner for a jailbreak, his master key would be almighty, even the labor camp of the recent war had been broken, how?

The energy room was in the isolated field from the cell units, the tiny lamps in dark, Desmond encroached to the emergency distribution board, turned off all switches by use of his pincers as well as the security system power source, including the failsafe mechanism with his bolt cutters whilst Wyatt would be ready for the vehicle by the time when the main switches would be terminated, he would submerge into the driver's seat.

The ring of handy torchlight was hooked on Desmond's left middle finger while Pop introduced barrages of glorious shootings with his two silent revolvers as though he could perceive everything in the total gloom, next to next whenever the man-shaped shadows emerged, as it happened they wore the wardens' uniform for the final conduct.

The lorry was chugging down the stony road in bushes with Gilbert and Howard, it was resulted in less than twenty minutes, sheer accomplished.

‘Why are you good to me? As we are the ones whom easily reconcile with the defeat for the reason of enfeebled onus of proof for whom, having already been noted by us prior to the act, you were much than our routine, weren’t you?’ Philbert.

Coast thumbed his beret to have a cup of tea without his response, he was aware of the old Cadillac on the street, it was seldom these days, ‘How do you like me?’ Said he.

He disposed the Walther on the table, it had been returned to him after his release, ‘You have got it. For me to be the guard, this body fed the affair on the airplane. Do you want me, again?’

‘No. No warrant for you, but when the weather is the best.’

‘Mr. W.’

‘I know him.’

‘Have you ever met him?’

‘I will.’

‘Philbert, we too, we don’t have the warrant for you.’

‘Wow! You are bad to say.’ The chief inspector clasped the bill for them, his spring coat with the obstinate sparrow tail that was lingered when he left.

The papers were sold in the newsagents at the corners, though the ignorant passersby about the prisoners’ freedom, Coast sorely indulged in what he had been informed on the black Ford, “The chief inspector’s military career is unmapped.”



Fob Watch 20.20, GMT 18.40, Another Incident: Winter To Spring

‘Natty and arduous, no, yes, no, on my cigar, I guess, they are the mustangs, M.U.S.T.A.N.G, it is the aroma for me, superior, tender selected wild horses even though you are inferior, I can recognize them as they follow me, you should get out the sucking papers from your rotten sacks, that’s been your defeat!’

Pop launched his agitation, no sight on them, would his hate waft in the air, he didn’t expose the discordant pupils of his eyes, and I thought that they would lose everything... Miserable debacle, utterly ridiculous in lieu of nasty smudges of alky saliva on lucre against the cocky doozy, the bundles were hissed for the sum, don’t stop doing that, do not say, ‘Twenty-one is for whom is able to see it, you hit two-two.’

‘No, sir, one-nine, he hit one-nine.’

How many times had I dealt with them? Actually their heads were much ailing than Pop’s eyes.

‘F*c* i* shut off your life!’ By his words, his associates’ buckshots blasted the lamps in the pee tavern, tirade of gunfires, the place where I worked became hell of silent excitement.

It was the pitchy luminosity during the twilight before dawn, Pop’s posses hadn’t already been there except the lying bodies on the floor, he

was on the chair, a swinging cig, apathetically purred, 'The cat has got only the rinds of roosters, we can go.'

Before the perfect Sun, it was the frosty hour, I put the frock coat over his shoulders, the extravaganza of nature between violet canyons and ridges, my creamy mare's mane was whooshed by the wind, neighing for her joy.

'Luscious mare as I also have a same kind.' Pop talked only once on her with me, he was eighteen years old in a button- down shirt, slim, middle height, only his palms were extremely muscular, his blue denim had the heavy buckle with the holsters, his boot triggered her gallop, I farewelled to the diminishing tavern over the sierra, reticent about life and death, my nostalgia would be void.

After a few miles, she quenched her thirst, I was advised that we would reach the pueblo patches, though the farmyards were there, the owners had been abandoned in the tavern.

The Sun was ricochetting on the grassy surface, the indigenous people continued the primitive habitation for their own nostrum like Pop and me, sandy bread, cereals...

Pop cranked her up to the stable, the door was unlatched, as the horses had already been slung off their hooks, they scampered to the neighboring forest concomitantly the shack was engulfed by the rapacious flames, my pal gave a shot to the padlock that the way out was accessed to the juxtaposed cottage where my mare dived into, the three sombreros were on the couch until they were fallen by Pop whose bullets at once smashed the clasp of portal to the next house, the five cabins in total which we went through to escape from the mad crimson.

Meanwhile we traversed until the field was transformed to the acrid barren, the rifles intermittently targeted us, frenzy noses were arisen within the reachable proximity, Pop hooped his guns around his fingers to eject all junks, it was determinedly a cul-de sac, we released my mare, plunged into the craggy ravine, dully force to death? Nay, the delirious sway, we were swaddled by the shrubs over arroyos, would it be the inherited maneuver for infants to realize gravity, an enigma of epistemology, we were survived.

After all the devastating toil to crawl up the boulders with the weighty lad much than a glance notwithstanding my mare was followed by his posses on where we were to achieve, she was our heroine then.

In his bedroom, Pop was lubricating the revolvers that were assorted in his compartment, the triggers were delicate as graceful eyelids, he found me then, 'You keep one of them. My owner will settle up with us, his daughter is Miss. Pop the Baby whom is my mare as my mare, we get ride to the city.'

'I will buy my things.'

'Do you go there?'

'No. The brewers came from the town.'

'Do you know the fire brigades? It was the time when they frequently surveyed around the building, for a few days, as soon as they discontinued putting out feelers, it got fire.'

While I followed him to the bungalow where his owner lived, my holster was rather encumbered for the revolver that had been gifted from my pal, I believed my luck beyond death, on the way, there were the stables with silos, my mare was fed next to Pops' that had already retired from the race, ever survived the fanatical tracks, the elegance of stallions' chamber was for their triumph, for their procreation, I would be shown their fawns someday.

The distinctive farmhouse was immediate, the skinny brunette kissed Pop, her pleated bohemian skirt was rippled, she was careful for her flimsy heels, balancing herself, 'Who is he?'

The table was adored with the lavish generosity, tortillas were made of spinach and copious eggs, diced veggies and minced beef on the bowls, red peppers accentuated jolly vividness, we were filling our guts, sorely the sturdy voice brought a hiatus, 'A boon is never out of his way.'

The owner with his mustache whose heavy build evinced profound gratitude for the horses.

‘Boon!’ Pop was a joker, the gesture of gun barrel, a toy was given to him and Miss. Pop the Baby finished to reallocate the tops on the beer bottles.

‘Those make striation marks.’

By each one shot, the targets in ten yards were overturned, ‘That’s the best to use this’ Said the sniper.

The owner drove to the city, would we be misunderstood as the family on the shared car as the people increased after the turnpike, raised my scarce memory of yore, my father had been disappeared, the manager of tavern hadn’t reported to the county that had done nothing for my mother and sister when they had thrown themselves to the cliff, the ill fated episode of my life persisted me, if it had been the reprisal for what would be my future from then on.

‘Take it or leave it, but I wish that you would be our faithful confederate.’

‘What’s the...!’ I was astonished by the lengthy digits on the bankbook, realized the conundrum of providential verdict.

In fact euphoric heaven was sustained on the day, the compact orchestra played the neat ensemble on the makeshift stage along the mall, opulent leisure moreover Pop’s outfit, white polka dots on the dark blue shirt, the bulletproof vest was disguised as the ordinary suede, we were given bags of goods from the sales assistant and our owner ascertained if those would be all what we needed, ordered me to wear the

tuxedo that was purchased then to see the biggest investor in his horses, I held the sack, the golden logo of department store on stripes.

Mr. W whose indelible physiognomy, podgy impact and auspicious greasy radiance, but when I was brought to him, the supremo was utterly unexceptional approach, he hugged us, his frequent nod, occasional laugh for the loquacious breeder about the equestrian race though, it would be later recalled as merely the hunk of this man's aspects, he said, 'Can I work with them?'

'Give me a time, please, until one more job of mine is done by them.'

Was there a manual for the affair? I didn't blame Pop, rather why were the rogues habitually deceitful for their bets? His skirmishes in the reclusive pubs, obstinate justice to insist, then complete darkness, the bodies on the floors...

Indeed the thugs were not for the quadruped that we would plunder, yet as the revenge on their associates whom had been rubbed out, we were highballing through the bush to the clifftop, we stepped down onto the ledge for ambush, Pop's quick draw, the red mince was bespattered overhead hence the aggravated insinuation.

Our hasty fall through the foliage, it had already been the sensual pleasure to flirt with the perishable peril, sky and soil were in equilibrium if we were dust of them... The pace was reduced in steady manner, when we got the tender force, I caught the final limb, simultaneously grasped my pal's wrist, everything was ceased to renounce us as though the swinging monkeys were tired of the obsessive merrymaking.

His appellation as the supremo was not a misnomer, Mr. W promised his men only big business, once the task would be done, we would be free from penny-pinching, nobody did leave him, we began to occupy the entire floor of his belvedere as his villa that adduced the dumbfounding magnificence of his power, how we were enough to celebrate our bonanza whereas my pal was meagerly released from wistfulness as Miss. Pop the Baby was not far from there.

On our first day, the chauffeur took us to the shooting gallery, as soon as we arrived, Mr. W indicated the bullseye, asked me, 'How can this lad do without his sight?'

'He has ever attained one hundred sixty per minute with an automatic, it is twice in two-handed and halved for a semi-automatic, all perfect, Sir.'

'How do you see it?' The supremo to my pal.

'You are my owner, looking at my target with your hope that I would hit it, this is how my sight alignment is determined, and the wicked preys are distinguished by their odor, paranoiac miasma during the damned bet, I trace them, sip rotgut, sniff the faddy portion, Iodine same as seawater, gets things done well as a sweeper, my mother told me, "It's been since our great-grand parents ever once."'

'Do I stink?'

'No, Sir.'

'Why do you kill them?'

'Quick draw. They will make a quick draw so that I make a quick draw.'

‘The point is that you can’t see, boy, and you can accomplish invisible triumph. How can the blind teenager do it? Can the law proceed against you? You are my honored assurance.’

We had al fresco lunch in the bistro for the mild climate, idyllic terrace, contrastingly the hushed ambience, it was sorely that the supremo told the lad about pate de foie gras with a slice of bread, and he asked me if I was indignant at the job as a waiter, I would serve his guests whom were with the significant confidentiality, the wage offer was enormous, would it guarantee infallible fidelity, no matter I was not interested in the scandalous gossip, equally how I would escape from my fate, I had already been the sufficient malefactor with Pop.

Sucking adventure, the groaning propeller, moistureless land, for big dinero, the dopey tournament was commenced.

The guy placed his ass in the mid of us on the aircraft, this fellow was unfathomably cantankerous, making a fuss about the impediment that had inflicted him whom had left the car in the island nearby, he had been cordoned off on his return.

Despite of blazing bursts outside, the commander of bombing squadron, Edger was fuddled with his sanguine lecture, 'Two belongs to four, in other words, two is four, utterly of no consequence, how a nuke can be worthy for the petroleum pipelines, treasure trove with the natives whose raid against them. God gives us their good behaviors, so will we!' He pitched a clumped paper to Pop whom tossed it up, slapped it back to the commander's palm, shrill rapture was ensued.

'Getdonegetdonegetdone!'

The shells were Edger's crafts, these were dispatched to the bombing run in order to agitate the antagonists, he was bawling at the elapsing hours whereas we were on the sidecar of motorcycle along the prison camp where the allied locals were incarcerated, the cantankerous was the driver as it were, my pal's grenades spoiled the blockade but the confederate cells, even though these were distinguished as the flag of convenience, hanging down from there, so did the foes without knowing that the troublemaker was blind, of course our vehicle dodged the gaseous volleys with my clumsy handling of projectile.

While our competitors were ensnared in sheer commitment to fortify their fortune, Edger discovered the gateway to the pipeline maze, the origin of valuable, his torpedo was called Buoy, the weight had been

calibrated for the viscosity and mass of oil per cube as well as the husk of bomb had been designated to reach the point by itself to explode, the commander coddled his expertise to succeed in Mr. X's reasonable trade with the afflicted nation.

Jubilant applause, zealous excitement! Hundreds of the captives fled from the knocked down prison, would it be the blessed climax of this game... The fact was that I was taken aback by the endless convoy of tanks that were about to seize us...Yet, it was as the erupted Sun because of the choked horizon, the cavalcades were buoyed up at once, crumbled into scrap, loss of benefit for the benefit, the finale of state insurgence, who was correct? Typical inquisition though, in truth there was no error of Edger's creation.

However, we were still getting over the vestigial hazard, the cantankerous was becoming seriously difficult, crazed by the flames, he suddenly held his gun at Pop, I snatched the barrel at full tilt, our motorcycle crashed to the wreckage, we were flung away, ran and ran, not to look back the detonated vehicle, we were on the verge of the steep gorge, we liberated ourselves as a bird, thank God, we were bounced on the shroud that was spread by our allies, a sheet of the flags saved our life.



Fob Watch 21.13:3, GMT 17.53:3, Farewell:Spring

‘Pleasure to say, we need not to expose our turpitude at all, it is the fair deal, no chicanery, their signatures have been scribbled on them.’ Ridley on the phone spoke to Howard whose fatigue for imprisonment was hardly recovered, his legs were stretched out on cushions, his calf would be kneaded on his knee with a glass of golden brandy in his hotel room, the bathrobe had the tricky plumage, he responded to the pundit, ‘I know what you have said, but how can I be held in a sort of asset for long term basis?’

The debtors’ properties would be secured for their liabilities, Ridley would assert liens on them without a strain as the book-binding in his childhood.

‘You can own yours, choose your place, it’s carte blanche.’

A beaded silver reticule, yet Madam's aura was not from the trinket whereas Eileen whose eyes were dewy in red, would it be as a result of ordeal because of the Red Fabric Waving. Nope! Owing to the overnight slogging to swot up the imminent soiree, but none to interrogate her whom was the precarious malingerer.

Madam silently revised her script, a hint of her cough, the flocked press hushed for a moment.

'We are going to be imposed the shovel to excavate our abysmal fate. What is the trust of humanity? What is moral? Blood and sperm for money!? We should declare our responsibility for society, health and welfare, it would be precisely the predicament of communicable disease by the sexual intercourse, I would like to prove our rigid cooperation with law and state authority.'

A few days later, 'Ah!' and 'Wow!' The bath toweled ladies whose legs were as a pogo stick, not for a stomp, but the police raid out of blue into the brothels over the districts, flabbergasted them nevertheless the handsome officers whose gentle smiles were easy to obtain the business cards from the optimistic maidens, it was culminated in the Prostitution Prohibition Act that was put into effect.

Notwithstanding, the survived owners were gathered to establish a cartel for the mutual protection, unity and fidelity, Becky was the head of the union with the saving account for the incentive, contingent funds would be the safeguard for them, veritably the increment of capital was quick as the bundle of business cards on Grover's desk.

Oodles of buttermilk from gravy boats that could be savored with salmon steaks, mint and parsley, cornucopia of fruit, what a brilliant sense of feast! Eileen sufficed herself and Becky was onstage, a hint of her cough.

‘My ladies in silky dress, their skin is as their robe, they love cups of tea, their intricate fingers are entwined around the slender handles... Would you know the paradise, all furniture all genuine, the leather of chesterfields, satiny upholsteries, refulgence from the mahogany floor, harmony between red and gold is the light of chinoiserie. Should we be accused of eclectic avarice, should we be defiled as greedy? Yes, we are greedy as animals for survival, for the memory of our history that is shared among us.

It was during the previous war, the falling bombs were once in a day as meteors in the night sky, I was in my twenties and I thought how happy we were, since we were living at the climax of our centuries.’

Becky returned to her seat, Edger embraced her, ‘Our memory for the quality of our bombs?’

‘Yes, I guess so, Mr. Chewing Gum Swaddling, Edger who is the sentient munition factory.’

The union members were immersed into alkies regardless they maintained the stable gentility, cordial debate, chitchat and laugh, it was when Madam’s straw consumed two-third of sangria in a goblet, Edger balled up his napkin, flung it to her.

‘Have you ever been to the Global Attraction Park?’

Where would be the sanctuary of prostitution, the ladies from all around the world, anarchy and elegance? Thereafter it was inaugurated.

‘Have you ever been there?’

‘Do you know about the park?’

They were bespattering the third rank secret.

‘Where is it?’

‘There exists over the East.’

‘No. It’s in the West.’

‘Middle, North, South...’

What would be the code name, the Global Attraction Park?

‘Here you are!’

A sheaf of lists was the Global Attraction Park, for instance, the underground prostitution networks worldwide, their criminal records and contagious illnesses that had ever been discovered within five years, from Terrence to Julia, from Julia to Mr. T whom was told, ‘This is a tidbit for your fatherland. Come with me!’ She ushered him to the assembly.

‘Well done! That duke awaits you.’ The Social Reformer indicated another.

‘Yes, I have been.’ Mr. X whose anglophone whirling talk as an imperturbable croon, his theoretical protocol was turbulent.

‘The people like us are created by the ones of their ilk.’ Julia on the way to hotel with Mr. T.

Ring-Ring! Two rings on the phone were counted as one ring thus Ring-Ring, Ring-Ring, Rin... The two and half, this was the Social Reformer's protocol for the machine, he received it without utter a word.

'Are you thriving?' Grover.

'Yes, it's going to visit you within three days.'

'The crocodile skins require our permission to export.'

'The lists are not for the crocodile skins.'

'Good.'

'Have you ever thought that when alcohol was prohibited, the authority intentionally put it aside for the moonshiners to sell the drinks? We will do for the people, for a kind of business, won't we ?'

'Have yours been in closure?'

'Yes, some of the peripheral boozers.'

'Your monopoly right depends on your loyalty, I can take you anywhere.'

'Yes, you can.'

Lucifer from Heaven, heaven in good old days whether there had ever been such a place, in reality the Social Reformer was never fallen from there, Grover was hard to deplore the daredevil.

And there was the infinitely pneumatic balloon, how many people could evacuate from the risk of suffocation as the shares of the devil's venture were up and up over his capacious territories? The clients were the VIP tourists, politicians, mafias, spies, even the policemen to

exchange the substantial information that would apparently make enormous fortune.

For Madam, the Red Fabric Waving had already been the sine qua non of her secure domination, in other words, for the Social Reformer, “Ours are out of the five bags.”

Human was to get over collateral mayhem beyond the one’s ken, to be beneficial, much than survival.

‘Welcome, darling, I am lonely without you, the rockets are taken off to the sky, let’s go to the planet for our ecstasy!’

The cushions were smothered by the buttocks, the cocktails were as the spectrum of rainbow, by the oscillating chorines, dally rag love ballads.

‘Ragtime for grassing, baby, that’s the coquettish ditty, you know?’

As a rule, there was the exchange of health certificate at the outset, the guy in his military uniform was waving the paper, sat on the bed, said he, ‘Utility.’

‘What are you talking about, darling?’

‘It is the utility that we have ever been starved, would we be punished as we have lost the sense of utility.’

‘You take off your uniform for me, I will command you! Why had the guys to wear it?’

‘Due to the deprived utility for the utility.’

He squeezed the dial for the lamp, his sunglasses were put on the side table, the lady identified the client as her colleague’s patron, resolved to have apt distance, correspondingly he noticed the trace of Caesarian section on her stomach.

‘Will we get on the time machine as if nothing has ever happened to you? I did it for many soldiers, I buried the seeds for recovery amidst their sinews.’

‘No, I won’t. Because several guys of mine really like these stitches. I don’t do it for my bread, so can you as you are a charming dapper.’

‘Would you like coffee?’ By Mr. X while Mr. T was trapped in the newspaper that was spread on the table.

“Soul To Body?”

The latest medical examination has announced that the causation of illness has been discovered over the spinal cord to brain, nerve cells and decrease of neuronal activities, especially hypothalamus, hippocampus and olfactory would be perniciously influenced. The incipient symptom is the mental degradation thus it tends to be misunderstood as merely the minor interference in mental health, but it is finally developed into the variant physical complaints as diabetics, contagious illness etc, the deficiency of blood serum and insulin secretion and tachycardia in addition to the disturbed endocrine system are observed.

The researchers for treatment of illness suggest that it would be relied on the analogous practice for hyperglycemia or hypoglycemia to overcome the enfeebled immune system, whether the abstract sign in the earlier stage and the latter somatic symptoms have the substantive link as well as contagious or not. Editor: G”

‘Is this Gilbert? Have the bags on the airplane got to do with it?’
Mr. T.

‘I don’t know, but for your second question, yes, I suppose so.
The power of information, power of people, these are the immeasurable authority, by the passersby, neighbors, on the shared table in a restaurant or pub, whispers of everyday. Can you do my job?’

‘Why am I here?’

‘To deliver the notes to the auctioneer.’

At the dawn of dire straits, it was as though a horde of fluttering avifauna returned to the nest, the certified pension plan, no longer as a slave or for game, everything was exhausted, slick empanelment, bribery... As a matter of fact, limited liability would be the right of human being however whatever the profession would be, it was easy to presume the culmination as the trajectory of projectile that would be drawn, so to speak, the average life expectancy would be more or less eighty years old, it wouldn't be diminished.

However, there was no way to introduce such sensitivity to the members, their risk assessment would have involved the wrecked parachutes and end in the slammer, they were progressed so far out of social stagnation, specifically the false IDs had been issued to them under the aegis of Mrs. X, the distinguishable dowagers who would be Mrs. Xs had met them... Rest and resort ensued, Birton was having a nap, Ring-Ring! Ring-Ring! Ring-Ring! Ring!

'For example, let's try one million that is the seven digits, the total is reckoned at first and divided by the months, the detailed calculations for the discrete elements will be differentiated, say how the nth theory will be worked under the law of nature and human volition that are to reach a concession with our estimation.' Ridley on the phone.

'Have you been drunk?' Birton.

'Were you drunk during the party?'

'No. I am seldom in public.'

'It was the private gathering.'

'Because many guests were there.'

‘Do you know the cloak boy?’

‘Oh, that narwhal? Though I am not sure whether he was just resembled to the narwhal, the man for the ladder.’

‘After your escape, he experienced a rookie for short, but he was dismissed.’

‘Would you say it?’

‘My private investigator has found about him.’

Outlandish miscellany of a la mode headscarves over the wigs that were not intended to be conspicuous thus utterly conspicuous while the dapper whose tiepin glanced at Mr. T in the queue to the reception counter whereon the participants left their signatures.

‘From two thousand five hundred.’

‘Three thousand!’

‘Three thousand and three hundred.’

‘Four thousand.’

Up and up and up..... One million!?

‘Two million.’ Mr. T.

‘Two point two million.’

‘Three.’

‘Four.’

‘Four million, anymore bids?’

Five cracked the air to be hammered down, Mr. T’s five million check was swapped with the envelope, the radiant red token was the virtue of it, “CONFIDENTIAL!”

His hand was trembled when the prize was submitted to the luminary, it was secured by the quivering effort as well, ‘If discomfiture is obliged for this quid pro quo, bravo! You are the one of my fellows sincerely of my soul.’ Mr. X.

‘Will you retreat?’ Mr. T.

‘There is no reason why I won’t with this secret, “The Civil Engineering & General Relativity.” Here it is! This is the real form of matter.’ The luminary waved the five million that was the lists of bidders’ scribbles and the official classification number, 253334...222345, ‘Fu**ing S**t!’

And the Venus appeared from the old daguerreotype, well-nigh divine grace, she took the copy of 253334...22... The secretary gifted it to Mr. T.

‘I have got this and I heard your “Fu**ing S**t!” A finer breed rarely says “Fu**ing S**t!”’

‘The thing is that when the owner of wires dies, these begin to speak by themselves sheer inexorable, as you are also the chateaubriand, don’t go off!’

On the superior passenger seat, Mr. T mused on the tarmac in where he had been for long or it had been just the one stage of his life, the meal was of his favor, the best local cuisine of the land, the flight attendance was sissy loveliness as Julia whom he had ever told that it would be the best cuisine of the land.



Fob Watch 21.12:5, GMT 17.02:5, The End Of The Story:Late Spring To Summer

Unstained polo shirt as an outfit usually for a golf, a beam of charity was from spectacles, Mr. Y took flight with Stooze to where Mr. W was, he disguised himself as a philanthropist, the mentally disabled youth could be enchanted by the travel nevertheless it was the order by the supremo whose territory, the roads had been daubed with red sand allover, it had been early in the morning, daddies had phoned to schools for their children that their sons and daughters had been absent on the day due to the street sweepers' campaign during the night, "Increase Of Employment! Labor's Needs On The Red Street!" Before the election for the beneficial status quo, the dust had been colored by the fabric manufacturers.

Mr. W hugged Stooze, and Mr. Y once became naked to alter his uniform for vote getting, yet the one on the hustings was too much standard to compare with whom he had ever fought for, the eyes as a knife, fangs as a shark... More than eighty percent of the winning ratio by the power of the doyen of ward heelers.

The incumbent candidate was uninterruptedly tittle tattling with his deputy as the onlookers were mesmerized by Mr. Y whose feverish rally, it was recognized well about the finite potential of implementation

during the fixed term, normally the value of happiness wouldn't have obvious discrepancy among people, not to bother to mention.

'Prevalent reputation about capitalism and human nature is mooted that capitalism is the uttermost pleasure of bipeds for the instinctive desire from ambition to survival, liberty and freedom.

Ideologies are odor-free, but do you still believe the regime which is almost perished? Do you still cherish them as your comrades whom are reeking?

We shouldn't be wrecked by the imposed brotherhood. What is your life? What is your capital? You can do it, you have already done it, you employ them, you have already been employed by yourselves.

Can we restore Hegel whom has been stumbled? Which doctrine can put him back, Communism or Socialism?

None! No one is able to save Humpty Dumpty, rolling down, banging on the ground...'

The black sedan sneaked to the crowd, the side-window was gently plunged, the nose of machine gun was revealed, blizzard of shots, the car vamoosed when the squad arrived, instead the factory whistle as a wailing siren hence the riot shields formed the barricade, the tear gas was smoldering, the buckets of burning coal, the bottles contained petroleum with the cotton corks, the VIPs escaped from the scene while they were engirded by the reinforced security, including Pop, Iron Flying and Stooge.

Blazing flames, the billows of scorching heat freaked Stooge whom vehemently fended off attack and fire, Pop's bullet rescued him when the sniper aimed at the jumbo, Iron Flying flipped over the dead to identify it, would the one be the enemy during the pipe bombing, it had ever

immigrated to Mr. W's territory for revenge.

The area was entirely beleaguered, Iron Flying strived to get away bedlam with his pal's revolvers and Stooze's panicky fury, retreated to the warehouse on the desolated corner, dashed up the steep stairs, thankfully no man was inside though, as soon as they reached the top floor, he blamed himself as the entrance was left ajar... Intruding strides ... Barely one way to escape, the motorway beneath moreover the access to the platform was firmly locked that was the capacious glass pane, Pop turned back for Stooze's turbulent respiration to hold an immense container above his head. S**t, dodge! A hail of splinters as fine rain over where the removal van was romping through, it shrieked for the urgent brake, the three were the falling spooks, not even a soul to be witnessed, landed on the bouncy mattress on the vehicle, the driver reversed the wheels, skewed to avoid what had been about to crush him. Stooze was quiet as they didn't bleed at all.

Skyscrapers under the moonlit, silver constellations cast the urban vista, it was the graphic decor in view of the high-rise penthouse, ice cubes were tinkled in tumblers of Tanqueray, the synthetic iridescence from the screen, the broadcasts on the day were besieged by the news about Mr. Y's arrest, "Union Terrorism, Principal Is The Capitalism Enthusiast, Eminent Ward Heeler In Red?"

Ridley turned off the TV and Irene left to the kitchen to finish their glasses.

Night in peace? Although it could be pretended in some occasions, it was beyond the boundary of possibility, even by the indoctrinated expertise, such as the policemen, their cabinets had been smashed up, haphazard desks and chairs, the scattered official papers, it would be the intimidation for the latest inmate furthermore none was permitted to settle them until the coming of their foreman.

"Just abandon those relics!" As if Desmond had been there, his voice would have echoed.

During the next afternoon, the Rookie ashamedly knocked hotel room, no answer, but the door was unlocked by Irene whose short sleeve pink blouse and knee length skirt, these were tightly attached to her as it were he exposed the downward eyebrows.

'How much is your boss?' By the mistress.

'Grover can't be bought.'

'How could you know about Mr. Y at the party?'

'Grover kept the secret warrants for the guests.'

'No, he didn't.'

‘How did you know?’ It was the Rookie’s turn.

Irene opened her briefcase that contained nearly a million, saying, ‘We need Mr. Y. How do you know about Grover as you are under Philbert? You are the member of the labor union, your comrade, for instance, the immigrant worker from the state where the pipe bombing happened.’

‘It is a promise, isn’t it?’

‘Yes, it is the promise between you and me by freedom of your thought, freedom of your action, but it is very outlaw.

If their dogs have odor, the owners would be disgraced so that they wash them scrupulously, it often takes for long as many dogs don’t like soap, especially they are nervous for their faces.

I will kiss it, it would have fascinating aroma, I’ve got a puppy for my fingers to be sucked, baby...’ Irene seduced the Rookie in her monotonous tone.

‘Missus, I can’t understand what you have meant.’ He received the bundles.

‘I like your People’s Bulletin!’

The Rookie’s eyebrows were recovered, stepped down onto asphalt to catch a cab.

Although Coast's flat room had never ever been ransacked, it was in equivalent disorder, the scrapped articles and magazines, a drawer was still on the floor that had been sluiced down from the frame in order to be informed about the Rookie if he had been abducted.

It was at daybreak, for his bacon, for his breakfast, the hunter was exploring the forest with his hounds that swiftly overhauled the owner and were absorbed into bushes. Bow-Wow! Bow-Wow!
The remains had a bullet wound, those had ever belonged to the Rookie.

"There has been no trace of altercation, it has been supposed that the victim sorely visited the place or with whom was under concession."

The coffeemaker hooted, Coast stopped reading the broadsheet, but his caffeinated brain reacted much for another rag.

"Body Of His Brother? Life Of Former Cadet."

And then Coast renounced Coast himself, his wig as Sheridan, gait as the Rookie, eyebrows were downward, it was his final act in the battle field, he phoned Trevor whom tipped him off that Sheridan had been the member of the Rifle Association as well as moaned about Julia whom had left him, he had been admitted to the emergency ward due to the excessive fever, 'I am not well...'

His Aston had been pulled up before Irene whose fiancée, Ridley had courteously invited her to the streamlined convertible, it had been the initial opportunity for them to went out together and he had told her, "Nil is not for our life, but for the rings of our oath."

Irene had been neither regretted nor sufficed after she had ceased her study of mathematics in university, she had begun to work in a cabaret, for practical efficiency, reality and stable future... In truth there had ever been merely the assigned professions whom had been survived by the numerical engineering but a gun during the previous war.

"You live with uncertain irony." Her father's last words to his daughter. What would be her irony?

She had been the busiest girl in the club, seldom to the night town, alien vivacity, dazzling illumining hence Ridley had hurriedly come back to her with snacks and drinks, happiness forever as a sequence of natural numbers that she had believed at that time.

When the doorbell was ominously yelled in the late evening, she held her cardigan to the porch, the police was at once in her view, briefly informed her about Ridley's death with Mr. Y, their houses and offices would be searched through, they would collect all documents that the victims had left, the wife would be on their vehicle which the cardboard boxes were systematically carried next to next, meanwhile mother and son, her neighbors appeared, 'Is there something wrong to you?'

'I need to be away for his accident.'

'Oh, dear... I stay at home during his school...'

After for an hour, she was driven to the police head office where was not the nearest station.

‘It takes me back to this morning, he asked me why I had dropped off my degree, I joked, “Is the place on the different planet?”’

‘We understand you and we are sorry for your husband, but you have responded nothing our question.

Your husband took out excessive amount of cash just before his death, didn’t he?’

‘I don’t know where it has come from.’

‘We, too.’

‘....’

‘Do you have a briefcase?’

‘I need my lawyer, I won’t speak anymore until then.’

However, the immediate succor was not a lawyer, but Ridley’s private investigator, in the end Desmond was on the rare seat of Ford, the succor gripped the wheel.

‘The bodies had the two holes in total, two leads were found, your husband had been shot on his back, Mr. Y in his front, these have been the forensic results so far.

Who can do it? The primary suspect has been Mr. W’s bodyguard whose exclusive marksmanship with his revolvers, the one has ever been witnessed during the riot.

Anyway, they can’t interrogate you until the directive of their chief.’

The beard desperadoes were descending the mountain range as if they would be for the crucial robbery, not to meet the crucial man.

‘Hello, blokes! Pop is the reputable knave though, he’s got a tug as a murderer.’

The Social Reformer’s off-pitch mode to insinuate the affair, the mood would overcome actuality thus they were again on their steeds through the urban venue, pizzas and orange juice from the downtown delicatessen, the blokes wiped their fingers and lips with napkins on their return, when the nostalgic verdure was stretched before them, they were aware of the knave whose fitful jerk of his wrist on the holster, but it was slacked.

‘Chum, you are so fussy! What is your stick as a pivot? How many pirates have you done with it, one or two?’

His shirt and denim of the high street, Pop was about to be mature, enter the distinguished social hierarchy for his remarkable finesse.

‘This kills nobody, nowadays I sit on there.’ Pop pointed the log bench.

‘You have become a foppish dude not like us, we know that you didn’t rub out the lawyers.’ By his posse.

‘I did.’

‘Go on... Just jack’s jibe, you’ve got our cheat, not the lawyers, but the lawyer.’

‘Mr. Y was the henchman.’

‘Hey, you...’

‘Because they saw me in the office, if so, I did it.’

Pop gave them a bag of bills, ‘You can work with it, I will be a nasty sniffer dog, the panicky mongrel achieves the goal out of panicky maze.’

“Reward! Hit Pop The Murderer!”

My pal was the happy fellow as he didn't see it, fallacious mirage of the world, hackneyed avant-garde, it would obliterate thousands of us, since we were the state of the art for Now. How would we be not? After the toiling labor for demolition, the contestants were unveiled, by whom the ladder would be kicked down? Pop was at the highest step, thumbtacking the jaded poster on the wall nonetheless they only passed underneath, my monadic nightmare, how graceful I was, sorely the observer not to participate, **“Let's Wage Killing!”**

The adjacent door was creaked, Pop went out to somewhere with his third leg, I was provoked the splenetic burst, tossed up my bedspread, concomitantly the cheerful spectator, “What the hell, f*c*i* shut up your a*s!”

“Is it impertinent to your society if I denounce the romance of crime? You and I are always for the death penalty... Suicide!?”

“Really coward!”

“Yes, really coward, but he is much foolhardy, eyedrops are fallen from the grey hemisphere when he excuses the pedestrian.”

Oh, yeah? Skies were exactly drippy in the next afternoon, Mr.W was munching a sugar candy during the horserace and the Social Reformer, ‘How many does he consume it for a day?’

‘I saw an empty canister for two days, Sir.’

‘Can he write a letter?’

‘He has ever asked me to sign a paper.’

‘Does he drink?’

‘He has stopped it as I have stowed away his bottles, since it had been too much.’

‘Guys, I’ve got luck! That’s been for the next track.’ Mr. W who returned to our seats gave the wins to us.

‘It’s been for my talc.’ His mentor squeezed them into his pocket.

The supremo wheezed for a squall, fastened his anorak.

‘Get the horses away!’ Pop’s shout in darkness as soon as I stepped in the yard of breeder’s bungalow, someone dashed out from the backdoor, crawling along the hedge towards the stables, I was noticed whom was Miss. Pop the Baby thereafter a few blasts of potshots, she lost her move, I hit back twice at the sky.

‘Run! Run!’

‘I made a blackout for Pop.’

‘I know, that’s for him, he can do it.’

‘My father...’

‘Don’t say this, go!’

I propped her upright, we scuttled to where my mare was with her generous eyes even under the imminent danger, I unfettered all of them, got on her as well as Miss. Pop the Baby on her baby.

We jumped over the stiles, no more antagonists, the breeze of night ushered us to the belvedere where I had urgently left at midnight due to a roar of gun, I had found the owner’s lying body in his farmyard.

My pal had rejoiced in the affable hours with Miss. Pop the Baby, and the owner had told them to continue in the dining room as there had been his guests.

“You are pale, Pop, here is the honey drink for you.”

No sooner than this, a shot outside, a moment of quiver and terror that he had never ever experienced or rather for his boots, soles had been worn out as “The Wanted!”

Forthwith it had been the entire absence of light simultaneously shrieks of bottles.

“Get the horses away!”

Nearly two or three? He had sensed alky odor, he would have been hidden under the table, if his boots hadn’t been clung to the floor, Pop’s final endeavor to grasp the edge of furniture had been miserably betrayed by his slippery bear feet, the back of his head had been scorched.

Human being, not the simple molecule, would it be our pride?
The entangled puzzle of mind and body that would be the perpetual
mystery nevertheless endogenous reticulation would be less than our
expectation to the terminus.

After Pop's death, Mr. W gave himself up to Philbert whom offered
twenty-four hours for him to stay in his abode until the warrant was
issued, he was exasperated for his irrevocable loss, weeping throughout
a day, triggered the distention of his face, his muscles were inelastic, his
eyes as a balloon, lips were prolonged to the limits.

"Chap's big smile!"

The handcuffed supremo before the black bus was publicized on
magazines, newspapers and cartoons, all sold out!

'He will earn a pension with the rags.' The Social Reformer.

'Can he? The premier impresario of murders, horse robberies, union
riot... By means of hiring the blind teenager.'

'Yes, he can, he is as my son, utterly innocent.'

Rumormongering!? The gracious word that would influence the scale
of our history, indeed the majority would hardly reach the fact if the one
had been arrested or nor, dead or alive, would it be the power of
unattainable truth for survival, but it would be less than a gun.

"How do you bet?"

"Fifty-Fifty."

Mr. W was confined in medical prison approximately for a month, it was when I finished some paperwork for him, I went outside to be refreshed, strolled in the dry weather. See! No passersby found me, utterly habitual afternoon.

‘Oh, Sir, what a....!?’

On my return, Mr. W on his desk, his fedora, cigar and big smile.

‘Hello, bloke!’ By Philbert... As if he was my boss, pitiful fancy was ruined then.

The sky also maintained the invigorating climate on the day, the air was tenderhearted, downy cloud in pristine blue.

‘Good morning, sir!’

‘Hi, cop! How are you?’

The law abiding citizens whose tributes to the cadet, Iron Flying, I! I got on the minibus for the prisoners whom would be transported to the newly established fort in the mid of segregated archipelago, it was famed for the unyielding surveillance, I held the cuff of pretty dissipating black whom slept deeply while I sought for Mr. W whose declined cheekbones on the front seat, but his mental faculty was seemingly convalesced. For the time being, the bus was parked on the gas station, the jailbirds got off the vehicle to take a piss with the keepers, yet my capon was still snored, promptly I secured my bangle around the armrest, left the seat. It was rather odd shenanigans, uninhabited s* * * house where I abandoned my uniform.

Mr. W’s custodian was the enthusiastic reader, fully covered his guise under a rag to dream the scoop tomorrow, I sat next to him, shackled my

wrist, then I glimpsed that the supremo romped his way among the pumps, his amicable salute to BMW, he disappeared.

Sweltering night in the cell was Inferno, the inmates seldom washed themselves, fetid as maggoty rubbish, I was awoken every morning by the wailing shrieks as they began to imitate the wake-up call that was squealed through jail, and the breakfast tasted like rubber, needless to say, for three days... It was my limit.

The paltry hour for exercise, the yard was heaven, the Sun was benevolent, since the searchlight wouldn't work.

'Sir, please, that is the lovely falcon, I used to enjoy birdwatching... Every human should be equal, you know.'

The lenient white prince straightaway accepted my entreaty, a bill of his cap shadowed his eyes.

Who did deceive such a sweet fellow? It was there, the trace of bolt cutters on the electrified fence that I escaped through, slinked to free my hands by means of smalls of the backs and necks of thumbs, these had ever been removed, instead silicon had been buried under my flesh, the bones were plunged for a moment, the manacles were laid on the swampy land, I was at the clifftop, though the epileptic sirens began to warn for my apocalypse, the turbulent water beneath to mince my body with the rocks to mash my skeleton, horrible slaughter!

Dreary gala for my demise would provoke the boisterous finale, deus ex machina, the stolid blades and whirling force refused me, I was flung into the mid of ocean, lifted up and up, the cobalt entity and celestial extent were infinite, shimmering ray was almost the miracle of the Earth, consequently the rambling helicopter was a frugal messiah.

“Life is the stopwatch.”

“All right, you have been finished.”

In my case, the switch was not yet turned off, but the Social Reformer, then Grover, their abrupt deaths were caused by each one click alike, their pulses renounced a slog, cardiac arrest was apparently the predominant terminus of the archetypical right wingers, patriotic reformer, gentleman, healthy... A postwar milieu transformed the people, they were extinct, nothing was solved.

After Sheridan had been arrested for the conviction of murder of the Rookie as well as the attempted assassination of Mr. Y, Groover had strenuously fought in the court against Sheridan's grievance that he had killed his brother for money as his life had ever been deprived due to the imprisonment merely for the illicit possession of the firearm, he had been the disgraced victim, Grover died before the final court decision.

Additionally Mr. X's death was hugely publicized on the top headlines.

“Death Of Tycoon, Enigmatic Society!?”

“His Career Veiled Forever?”

“Conspiracy! Petroleum Bombing By Mr. X?”

“Life Of Glory! Pitfall And Illness...”

“Alzheimer, Insulin Addiction, Corrupted Nervous System?
Nobleman's Demise.”

Were you enough? Absolutely cul-de-sac! Orgy of buzz!
The luminary of our own world, Mr. X had been the one whom had

emerged in this new generation as a consequence of wars... New Age?

Would it mean the guileful illness?

The courageous madam and her kid had ever originated “The Red Fabric Waving.” The color of flesh, color of blood, pulses would emit the tangible propagations, abnormal outflows would be the causation of infectious disorder, cripple our bodies.

Would it be the immaculate morning, uncontaminated cool breeze was the residual remembrance for Howard whom was in the funeral location earlier than the others, in fact a thousand of congregations were estimated, there had been the obituary of Mr. W, he had been shot in the pub during the previous week.

A plethora of agglomerated wreaths evinced the dominance of the supremo, geranium and wisteria that had been favored by the deceased, when he was aware of the flowers, a hint of aroma.

‘Excuse me, I would ask for your help as my car has been trapped in a ditch.’

She introduced herself as a journalist on the passenger seat, ‘Are you his old friend?’

‘Yes.’

‘The guys under fedoras whose deaths are often very elegant, on the shaded streets, pubs, discovered at the twilight as though the sentimental finale of cinema. Would you like to see his death scoop?’

‘No.’

‘Can you speak about his death?’

‘I don’t know the person whom hasn’t already been here. We don’t perceive gravity and elapsing hours while we are sleeping, a death would be as an unborn infant.’

‘I will write what you said.’

She would hold the narwhal someday as his dream of yore, her crispy smile exactly belonged to his unknown partner.

After his commitment to the hijack, Howard had seldom gone out, nobody had tried to rearrest him, it had ever been once when his People's Bulletin had been on the paper, "Blood, sperm and egg for money, if the infinite inflation bursts out, it would suffocate us whom would be drawn in the economy.

Money! Where is our Red Admiral? The authorities on even hierarchy, don't we have the vertex of pyramid? Yes, We have been under the tabooed boss whom protects you, survives you."

Howard gripped his fob watch to turn the dial, a fitful paralysis, it was fallen on the ground.

“No, Howard, it is not the money!”

What were remained in the office of the deceased, the hushed phone, unoccupied chair, Philbert surveyed outside through the window in the afternoon until he flapped his hand for me to steer his wheelchair.

It was occasionally that I felt life of my previous boss as if he returned at his own whim, evocative scent of his lotion and aftershave, the phantom told me how he had been arrested, a reel of talkie began to whoosh...

Murky luster at dawn, the horse breeder's house, it had been initially transpired rather than a solemn dirge for Pop, the two had faced each other.

"If all mirrors on this Earth have reflected me a fallacy..." Mr. W.

"How can we be baffled by barely an inch thick of medium? We can't live in the glass, but this is real, by your cause." Philbert.

Pop's hairs had been strewn on the floor, those had been clotted amidst the fluid.

"Because my boy is blind, he sometimes kept agape like this, I don't know if he is dead."

"You would say, 'The blind can't do it.' On the other hand, there is no strange that the blind teenager was stumbled to his demise at night during the blackout. No-No, Mr. W, those are No-No!"

No-No, those had been defined as No-No... Mr. W had crouched over the body, discovered the trace of mutilation on the temple, having been neatly sewn up.

"That would be his old wound." The chief inspector had snorted.

"However, the blood is bedaubed under the skin."

"I don't see it regardless such good weather for today, the Sun has become clear, thank God, thank you, the supremo for this!"
Philbert had swayed the Walther with the handcuffs.

My boss, the former inspector enjoyed the afternoon tea, took a pill, as his brain obtained the efficacy of vigorous adrenalin, he began about Mr. W.

‘I tried him like this, “Unidentified blood samples were on the car with the bootlegs.” He responded me, “Bulls*it!” I supposed that he was the honest person.’

‘Yes, you are correct, Sir.’

The forthcoming evening steadily hued outside, it was drizzling humid sunset in the summer, quiet hours, but there was a knock on the door, the visitor was presumably the one whom I had ever seen on the newspapers about the murder of the cadet or the bereaved relative, he was genuinely cordial within baneful lassitude thus I left them whether I perceived the guest, telling my boss, ‘Philbert, you have really liked to have enemies since the wars...’

The gun would purr.

The adjacent vestibule was my cloakroom, I saw the golden logo on the bag that contained my toothbrush and shirts, it was slouched on the wainscot. Memory... Pop was my fellow.

“Unfortunately your friend was dead by the accident.”

Yes, utterly unfortunate, “Unfortunately...” It was the word... always... l...e...t...you... a...n...d...me...do...w...n !?

The End Of The Story

(The Top Secret Of '!?')

$(h+x, m-10x) = \{(h+x), (m/1x)\}$ when, h = hour, m = minute, x = month.

*The reminder is not considered for $m/1x$.

*The second hand is equal between GMT and the fob watch.

*If $10x > m$, the equation is not established, but the time is determined by the result of $(h+x, \underline{m-10x})$ by the advised way as follows:

If GMT = 23.02 in December:

$23+12= 35$, it would be 11.00 on the next day, but $10x > m$ thus $\{ \underline{2(60)}$
 $\underline{+2} \} - \underline{120}$ therefore 9.02 on the next day.

*If $m=00$, the magnitude of equation in equilibrium is void, in this case $(m/1x)$ occasionally takes lead for all results.

(Profile / Sachiko Tamaki)

May 1975 - Born in Japan.

September 2011 - Stay in Canterbury, Kent, England.

September 2012 - Stay in Ramsgate, Kent, England.

February 2013 - March: During the online course for the short stories, the first drafts of 'Heaven's Breath' and 'Riddle of the Lake' completed.

November 2013: After the first draft of 'Daisy', the research for 'Canopy Of Azure' began, the idea of story gradually formed.

'Academic Essays'/Sachiko Tamaki published online.

December 2013 - Stay in Bedfordshire, England.

The research for '!?' began, the idea of story gradually formed.

February 2014 - Travel to Switzerland, stay in Geneva and Zürich, visit Jona.

‘The Short Stories (1st Edition)’/Sachiko Tamaki published online.

May 2014 - Travel to USA, stay in Washington D.C and Maryland.

The reference & material note, the production note for ‘Canopy Of Azure’ completed.

July 2014 - Stay in San Jose, California.

The plot outline for ‘Canopy Of Azure’ completed, the first draft began.

Stay for one week in San Francisco, California.

August 2014 - Travel to Argentina, stay in Buenos Aires.

The reference & bibliography note for ‘!?’ completed.

September 2014: ‘Canopy Of Azure (1st Edition)’/Sachiko Tamaki published online.

October 2014: The production & material note for ‘!?’ completed.

November 2014: The plot outline for ‘!?’ completed.

The research for ‘The Short Stories 2’ began.

November 2014 - Travel to USA, stay in Los Angeles, California.

December 2014: The first draft of '!?' completed.

'!?' (1st Edition)/Sachiko Tamaki published online.

January 2015 - Travel to Texas, stay in Huston.

February 2015 - Travel to Switzerland, stay in Zürich.

March 2015: The production & material note, the bibliography, the plot outline for 'The Short Stories 2' completed.

April 2015: The first draft of 'The Short Stories 2' completed.

'The Short Stories 2'/Sachiko Tamaki published online.

The research for 'Precipice' began, the idea of story gradually formed.

May 2015 - Travel to USA, stay in Santa Fe, New Mexico, USA, visit Los Alamos.

June 2015 - After staying for a few days in Los Angeles, California, temporal return to Japan.

August 2015 - Travel to Serbia, stay in Belgrade.

September 2015 - Travel to Russia, stay in Moscow.

September 2015 - Travel to USA, stay in Bridgeport,
West Virginia.

The production & material note for 'Precipice' completed in
October, the plot outline for 'Precipice' began.

November 2015 - Stay in New York City, New York.

The second research for 'Precipice' began.

November 2015 - Stay in Los Angeles, California.

The idea of 'Citadel' gradually formed during the flight to
Los Angeles while the travel to Romania was planned.

The basic research for 'Citadel' began.

December 2015: The plot outline for 'Precipice' completed.

December 2015 - Travel to Germany, stay in Frankfurt.

The first draft of 'Precipice (II,III)' began.

January 2016: The first draft of 'Precipice (II,III)' completed.

The completion for 'Precipice (II,III)' began.

January 2016 - Stay in München, Germany.

The main research for 'Citadel' began.

February 2016 - Travel to Austria, stay in Vienna.

The completion for 'Precipice (II,III)' finished.

March 2016 - Travel to Romania, stay in Bucharest,
visit Snagovului.

The first draft of 'Precipice (I)' began.

The first draft and completion for 'Precipice (I)' completed.

'Precipice' processed for publishing.

April 2016 - Stay in Alba Iulia, Romania, visit Sighișoara.

'Precipice'/Sachiko Tamaki published online.

April 2016 - Stay in Brașov, Romania, visit Bran.

The production note for 'Citadel' began.

April 2016 - Travel to USA, stay in Compton, California.

May 2016 - Temporal return to Japan.

July 2016 - Travel to Russia, stay in St. Petersburg.

August 2016 - Travel to France, stay in Paris.

August 2016 - Travel to Hungary, stay in Budapest, visit Eger, Margaret Island, Miskolk, Ràckeve, Visegrád.

October 2016 - Travel to Romania, stay in Sibiu, visit Făgăraș, Hunedoara, Sibot.

November 2016 - Stay in Brașov, Romania, visit Arges, Miercurea Ciuc, Râșnov, Târgoviște.

January 2017 - Travel to Turkey, stay in Istanbul.

February 2017 - Travel to USA, stay in Sandston, Virginia.

The production note for 'Citadel' completed.

The second research for 'Citadel' and the plot outline for 'Citadel' began.

The first draft of plot outline for 'Citadel' completed in April.

April 2017 - Travel to Germany, stay in Nuremberg.

The second draft of plot outline for 'Citadel' began.

May 2017 - Stay in Berlin.

The second draft of plot outline for 'Citadel' completed in June.

July 2017 - Travel to Croatia, stay in Zagreb, visit Split, Dubrovnik.

The first draft of 'Citadel' began.

September 2017 - Travel to Ecuador, stay in Quito.

November 2017 - Travel to USA, stay in Jackson, Mississippi.

January 2018 - Stay in Chicago, Illinois.

February 2018 - Travel to Portugal, stay in Lisbon.

February 2018 - Temporal return to Japan.

March 2018 - Travel to Spain, stay in Madrid.

March 2018 - Travel to Portugal, stay in Sintra and Lisbon.

April 2018 - Travel to Romania, stay in Bucharest, visit Târgoviște.

May 2018 - Travel to Chile, stay in Santiago.

July 2018 - Travel to Columbia, stay in Bogotá.

September 2018 - Travel to USA, stay in Lexington and Georgetown, Kentucky.

November 2018 - Stay in Atlanta, Georgia.

November 2018 - Travel to Italy, stay in Rome, visit Lazzo, Vatican City.

December 2018 - Stay in Pompeii, Italy, visit Ercolano, Naples, Torre de Greco.

January 2019 - Travel to Germany, stay in München, Babenhausen and Berlin.

January 2019 - Travel to Moldova, stay in Chişinău, visit Soroca.

March 2019 - Travel to Serbia, stay in Belgrade.

May 2019 - Travel to Panama, stay in Panama City.

The first draft of 'Citadel' completed on 1st June, the completion for 'Citadel' began.

July 2019 - Travel to USA, stay in Birmingham, Alabama.

August 2019 - Travel to Italy, stay in Venice and Florence.

September 2019 - Travel to Romania, stay in Iași, visit Suceava, Putna.

‘Citadel’/Sachiko Tamaki published on 24th October in Iași.

‘The Short Stories (2nd Edition)’ began for new publishing.

November 2019 - Travel to Bosnia and Herzegovina, stay in Sarajevo.

‘The Short Stories (2nd Edition)’/Sachiko Tamaki published on 1st December in Sarajevo.

‘Canopy Of Azure (2nd Edition)’ began for new publishing.

January 2020 - Travel to Bulgaria, stay in Sofia, visit Rila, Veliko Tarnovo.

‘Canopy Of Azure (2nd Edition)’/Sachiko Tamaki published on 1st February in Sofia.

‘!? (2nd Edition)’ began for new publishing.

March 2020 - Travel to Poland, stay in Warsaw.

‘!? (2nd Edition)’ / Sachiko Tamaki published on 30th March in Warsaw.

(Published Books)

*‘Academic Essays’ / Sachiko Tamaki (2013)

*‘The Short Stories (1st Edition)’ / Sachiko Tamaki (2014)

‘Heaven’s Breath’ ‘Riddle of the Lake’ ‘Daisy’

*‘Canopy Of Azure (1st Edition)’ / Sachiko Tamaki (2014)

*‘!? (1st Edition)’ / Sachiko Tamaki (2014)

*‘The Short Stories 2’ / Sachiko Tamaki (2015) ‘The Village’

‘The Fossil’ ‘∞’

*‘Precipice’ / Sachiko Tamaki (2016)

*‘Citadel’ / Sachiko Tamaki (2019)

*‘The Short Stories (2nd Edition)’ / Sachiko Tamaki (2019)

*‘Canopy Of Azure (2nd Edition)’ / Sachiko Tamaki (2020)

*‘!? (2nd Edition)’ / Sachiko Tamaki (2020)

